

TARS "BLOWOUT," TOO

Mayflower Jackies "Treat" Argentine Friends.

GRAND GOINGS ON FOR ALL

Terpsichorean Feats Typical of the Two Nations Sandwiched in Between Courses—Spanish Ballads Mixed with Yankee Ragtime Without Doing Serious Damage.

Sailors are all "blossoming cosmopolites," as any one might have observed who dropped in last evening at the Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines' Club, 317 C street, where seventy blue-bloused boys from the United States ship Mayflower were giving fifty of the crew of the Argentine man-o-war Presidente Salento the time of their South American lives. Barring the absence of that which cheers not wisely but too well, it was a true sailor's "blowout," and the husky little dark-skinned, black-eyed jackies from the land below the equator didn't need to speak English to express their appreciation.

To be sure, the rolisterous songs of their northern friends were so much Sanskrit to the visiting man-o-war-men, and that typically American delicacy, ice cream and cake, must have felt strangely cold and out of place in their peppery little South American tummies. But from the manner in which their black eyes snapped and their white teeth gleamed as they sat and smiled and absorbed countless long, wicked looking South American cigarettes, it is to be inferred that they were being successfully entertained. The Mayflower men had a good time, at any rate. That's a habit with sailors on shore leave.

Murder "Molly O."
The Washington Herald man dropped in while "Molly O" was being artistically murdered in stentorian chorus. He was welcomed as a brother, and soon found a seat between two of the Mayflower ladies. That is to say, the three of them sat on two chairs. One of the sailors, a great man of herculean build, had evidently been ashore all day. At least it is hard to believe that such a seasoned fo'castle hand should have acquired such an optimistic view of life on anything short of twelve hours' shore leave.

"As a sailorman, I have saw much," he volunteered, dropping an eight-ton bomb around The Washington Herald man's shoulder, "but the Dagones still amuse me some. Ain't they cute 'uns. Pipe that little guy over there." Say, kiddo, if I could eat a cigarette like that guy I'd be a quartermaster afore now."

The "little guy" thus referred to had lighted a fresh cigarette with the half-inch remains of a preceding one and was smoking it with remarkable clarity. At each puff the red coal at the tip of the white roll would crawl half an inch upward, and for the space of half a minute the smoker would take on a resemblance to some fire-breathing idol. The smoke exuded apparently not only from his mouth and nostrils, but leaked through the pores of his skin and out of his eyes and ears. The big American sailorman, "Hefty," was frankly impressed with the performance.

Floor Cleared for Action.
At that moment the space around the piano was cleared for action, and a lithe, wiry, little Mayflower man stepped forward and besprikled the floor with sand. The pianist started into a rag time melody and Billy Gutrow began to "shake himself." The South Americans watched the dance with great interest and applauded vigorously.

"Sure," said Hefty in a rumbling whisper, "that kid is all right as an amachue buck dancer, but we had a guy some time back that had him bull down after. He had once been a comedian actor and he blew into the service to stop the booze habit which had him laid to something awful. Whenever he got half-soused he used to amuse us most laughable. He was a card, but the booze got him and he lost control of his feet. He never will be good for nothin' but a plain sailorman."

At this juncture the ice cream was served. Hefty curved one enormous fist around his saucer, and, lifting a lady finger in the other hand, daintily swallowed it.

"This ain't persackety what you might call sailorman fare," he remarked, "but I like it. Observe the dagos. The little guy is trying to chew the service. Cheese it, kiddo, bad for the teeth—make dents, no bueno."

The admonished one merely smiled and bit off another mouthful of the frozen substance.

"Ain't he the ignoramus?" said Hefty. "That guy would eat soup with his knie."

Hefty's dissertation was interrupted pleasantly by the singing of several popular songs by Harold S. Franklin, one of his shipmates. The master of ceremonies, J. Richman, chief master-at-arms of the Mayflower, then called upon one of the Argentine men, who spoke a little English, to bring forth whatever performers were included in the company from South America. After a moment's consultation, a slender, thin-faced little sailorman slipped forward and took a seat at the piano. In a moment the room was silent save for the notes that rippled from the finger tips of the sailor musician. Another of his countrymen stepped forward and sang in a clear, thin tenor one of the old Spanish songs. He was loudly applauded and rendered an encore.

Hefty was again interrupted by a new number on the programme, the orchestra from the Mayflower under direction of Prof. Schwartz, breaking suddenly into melody. Hefty excused himself and disappeared.

Learn to Play Pool.

The Washington Herald reporter found him some time later, together with a shipmate, engaged in the pleasant task of teaching two of the President's crew the American game of pool. Hefty and his mate were very shy on Spanish, and the English of their companions was limited to one phrase—"by dam."

When the Washington Herald man entered the billiard room Hefty was showing one of the Argentines how to execute a simple rail shot to the corner pocket. His explanation was most aptly pantomimed, interspersed with such phrases as "Bap it easy-like on the koko, old sport," "cest par difficile, tres easy, muy cinch," or with the guileless smile of one speaking in terms of utmost admiration and friendship. "No, you ignorant, fresh-water skate, you consummated Dago, don't use that end of the cue."

With a smile, the little South American drove his cue against the object ball instead of the cue ball, and the object ball rolled into the pocket.

"Muy buen," shouted the little sailor in glee, thinking that he had achieved something.

"Shall I break it to him?" asked Hefty of his mate with tears in his eyes.

"Naw, what's the use. He wouldn't understand. Let him think he made a good shot."

After the fun was over the Argentines were escorted back to their ship, and as they separated from their American friends they gave a few last cheers.

"They can't get cheer without a dago accent," said Hefty mournfully as he and his mate strolled up Seventh street arm and arm.



GEN. KUROKI, Hero of the Battle of the Yalu.

GALA DAY AT JAMESTOWN

Tercentenary of Capt. John Smith's Landing to Be Celebrated.

Occasion Will Be Marked by Many Novel Naval Events Never Before Attempted.

Jamestown, May 10.—Three war ships of Brazil will join the great Jamestown Exposition naval rendezvous in Hampton Roads to-morrow. They are the cruisers Barroso, Riachuelo, and Camoy, under the command of Admiral Duarte Huet de Bacellar. The Barroso passed in Cape Henry at 5:30 to-night, and dropped anchor in the lower roadstead. The other vessels were in the offing at the time, and had not entered the Chesapeake at midnight. It is improbable that they will enter the bay before morning.

Monday, May 13, the three hundredth anniversary of the date on which Capt. John Smith and his hardy companions effected a landing at Jamestown Island, will witness naval events never before attempted in this or any other country. Every ship, American and foreign, great and small, to the number of about sixty, will take part in the festivities, gayly decorated by day and brilliantly illuminated at night. Landing expeditions to the Exposition grounds will go forth from every ship to take part in the land end of the celebration, while the international pulling races will be the chief features of the day on the water. Every nation represented in the Roads will have one or more entries.

A magnificent spectacle promises to be the water festival on Hampton Roads at night. This will consist of a parade of ingeniously decorated barges, constructed especially for the occasion by the sailors of the war ships. The floats will be of every conceivable plan of construction. Almost every ship in the Roads will have a barge in the procession as it winds in and out among the international fleet, as bands play martial airs and big gun thunder forth salutes. The jacks of each ship will design their barges according to their own ideas, and some unique specimens may be expected. Plans are being carefully guarded. Each barge will be supposed to illustrate some historical subject.

The day will open with a boat race between crews representing the torpedo boat destroyer Truxton and the battleship New Jersey, the Truxton having challenged the whole assembled fleet. At noon a salute will be fired by each vessel at anchor. The water festival will be from 10 to 11 o'clock, and a final salute to the day will be fired at 11:30.

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MANY FUNCTIONS FOR DUKE

Guest of Honor at Tea Given by Mrs. B. H. Warder.

Postmaster General and Mrs. Meyer His Hosts at Dinner—Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson Entertain.

Entertainments for the Duke of Abruzzi were as numerous and elaborate as those tendered the other foreign officers. After the White House reception, Mrs. B. H. Warder was hostess at a young people's tea at her residence, on K street, arranged in honor of the duke and his personal aid, Mr. Frederico Negrotto Cambiaso. About sixty young people were asked to meet the distinguished visitors, who attended with the Italian Ambassador, Baron Mayor des Planches, and the embassy staff.

In the evening the Postmaster General and Mrs. Meyer were dinner guests complimentary to the Italian admiral. Invited to meet his royal highness were the Italian Ambassador, Baron Mayor des Planches; Mr. Justice Moody; Mr. Frederico Negrotto Cambiaso; Maj. and Mrs. Charles McCawley; Mr. and Mrs. Joelet; Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Hale; Lady Isabella Howard; Miss Alice Warder, and the Misses Meyer. The duke and Mr. Cambiaso later in the evening attended the reception given at the Willard by the Secretary of War and Mrs. Taft. Another function of the evening for the Italian visitors was the informal dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson. The guests, numbering about 40, included the younger married set and the young people of official and resident circles of society.

To-day the Italian Ambassador will entertain the military and naval attaches of the entire diplomatic corps and their wives at a luncheon to take place at the embassy at 12:30. Covers will be laid for thirty and the whole party will spend the afternoon driving in automobiles through the parks and suburbs.

BRILLIANT AFFAIR FOR GEN. KUROKI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

veritable gauntlet of curious eyes and comment upon the beauty of their uniforms.

The reception was held in the large ballroom on the tenth floor of the building. About twelve hundred guests were present, including the Japanese ambassador, Gen. Kuroki, and the Japanese army and navy officers of high rank. The diplomatic corps was not represented except by military or naval attaches. The principal speaker of the evening was the principal speaker of the evening will be Dr. Merrill E. Gates, the subject of whose address will be "The Bible and Social Morals."

The Duke of Abruzzi and his aid arrived in time to attend the reception, having been entertained at dinner by Postmaster General and Mrs. Meyer. The officers of the Argentine war ship Presidente Sarmiento also came to the reception from dinner with Secretary Root. An elaborate buffet supper was served in an elaborate ballroom, and it was late before the last groups of guests took their carriages at the hotel entrance. Secretary and Mrs. Taft left early, but the majority of the other guests spent an hour or more in the big ballroom, or scolded about the lower corridors of the hotel in gay groups.

Washington City Bible Society.
Few, if any, benevolent organizations in this city have continued so long as the Washington City Bible Society, which, during the seventy-nine years of its existence has distributed the Scriptures to the poor, to the hospitals, asylums, jails, and wherever such distribution was deemed wise. The society will celebrate its seventy-ninth year by a public anniversary meeting in the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Sunday evening. The principal speaker of the evening will be Dr. Merrill E. Gates, the subject of whose address will be "The Bible and Social Morals."

Transport Sherman Sails.
The following cablegram was received from Gen. Wood, yesterday:
"Sails, May 10, 1907."
The Adjutant General, Washington: Transport Sherman sailed May 9, First Battalion, Nineteenth Infantry, 175 enlisted men, 41 cannons, 19 sick, 21 general prisoners; James L. Maber, Ernest Grey Bligham (first lieutenant) medical department.

The last two named members of the medical department are passengers.
Double Thirteen His Hoodoo.
Two thirteens in his house number proved too much of a hoodoo for Charles W. Gates, of 1213 Eleventh street, yesterday. While attempting to mount his wagon in front of No. 83 New York avenue Gates slipped and fell to the pavement, and the team starting, a wheel passed over his thigh. Beyond the blow to his dignity, Gates was unhurt, and after dusting his clothes drove away.

MEET THE PRESIDENT

Gen. Kuroki and Other Officers Received.

DUKE OF ABRUZZI PRESENT

Officers and Diplomats from Japan, Italy, China, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Belgium Present—Admiral Iuini Attends—Mrs. Roosevelt and Ladies of Cabinet Assist.

The people of the United States, through their President, paid honor to their distinguished foreign army and navy guests yesterday afternoon with a reception and collation at the White House. The function was a brilliant affair, marked by a magnificent display of military and naval uniforms and cordial if formal hospitality.

Gen. Kuroki was the guest of honor. Second only to him in importance were the Vice Admiral Iuini, commander of his imperial Japanese majesty's fleet at Jamestown; the Duke Degli Abruzzi, noted arctic explorer and commander of the Italian fleet at Jamestown, and Capt. Lee, of the Chinese imperial navy, and their staffs.

Admiral Iuini and staff, who arrived in the city too late Thursday afternoon to call upon the government officials, were formally presented to the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of War yesterday morning; after which they scattered about the city escorted by officers on the staff of Rear Admiral Davis. The officers were all in full-dress uniforms, and as they drove about town sightseeing, the glint of the gold lace caught the eyes of thousands of citizens who gathered in crowds about the carriages of the visitors at every stopping point.

Many Nations Represented.
At 2:30 o'clock a stream of carriages drove up to the east wing of the White House and discharged party after party of brilliantly uniformed officers in attendance upon the President's reception. Japanese, Italian, Chinese, Argentine, Brazilian, Chilean, and Belgian delegations formed the body of foreign officers and diplomats present, and the American contingent consisted of the members of the Cabinet and the highest army and navy officers, together with many officers of lesser rank, and prominent civilians.

Accompanying the military and naval delegations were the diplomatic representatives of each country. The Japanese Ambassador and Gen. Kuroki were the first guests received, the order of precedence having been arranged by the War Department according to the rank of the visiting officers.

The military and naval visitors were received in the Blue Room by the President and the Vice President. Col. Berens, well known to the President, introduced the guests to the President. Through an interpreter the President welcomed the great Japanese fighter in most cordial terms. Gen. Kuroki returned the greeting with happy felicitations.

Received in Green Room.
The official guests passed into the Green Room, where Mrs. Roosevelt and the members and ladies of the Cabinet stood in the receiving line, and were introduced by Capt. McCoy. The guests then assembled in the East Room, where the general guests at the reception had gathered during the ceremonies in the adjoining chambers. The President and Cabinet joined the East Room party and a collation was served.

The President resumed his conversation with Gen. Kuroki. Capt. Tanaka acting as interpreter, and it was apparent that the Chief Magistrate was intensely interested in the little leader of the Mikado's great army. That the interest was mutual was evidenced by the visiting general's animation while conducting his three-cornered conversation with the President. He smiled almost continually, and there was little of the inscrutable—An Oriental characteristic of such as much has been said and written—in his countenance.

A "snap-shot fiend" would have given ten years of his life to take a flash-light photograph in the East Room. Such a group as the President, Gen. Kuroki, Duke of Abruzzi, Admiral Iuini, Admiral Dewey, and Lieut. Gen. MacArthur has never before graced the floor of that spacious reception room. The decorations were simple, nothing but cut flowers being used. There was no display of flags. Throughout the reception the Marine Band played in the vestibule.

Held Informal Levee.

By 4 o'clock all the guests had departed scattering about the city to their various embassies and hotels, or taking drives into the outskirts of the town. Gen. Kuroki, Lieut. Gen. Kuroki, Admiral Iuini, and the Japanese Ambassador, and staff held a reception of their own in the parlors of the New Willard for a short while late in the afternoon, after which the visiting officers rested in preparation for the dinner and reception that followed in the evening.

The Secretary of War was the host at the dinner, to which were invited none but the visiting foreign officers, a few United States Senators and Representatives, officers of the United States army and navy, and government officials of high rank. The diplomatic corps was not represented except by military or naval attaches. The principal speaker of the evening was the principal speaker of the evening will be Dr. Merrill E. Gates, the subject of whose address will be "The Bible and Social Morals."

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seventy-five guests, was artistically decorated with spring and early summer blossoms.

Official Programme.
Dinner at the White House for Gen. Kuroki, Gen. Kuroki, and Gen. Kuroki to-day at 8 p. m. Reception by the Japanese Ambassador to-day at 10 p. m. Leave Washington on Norfolk boat at 5:30 p. m. to-morrow, May 12, for Port Moresby, arriving at Chamberlain Hotel about 7 a. m. May 13; there to be met by Gen. Grant, who will provide for the party at the naval review. Naval review in Hampton Roads Monday. Inspection of Jamestown Exposition and Fort Monroe Tuesday. Banquet by Gen. Grant at Chamberlain Hotel Tuesday at 8 p. m. Leave Port Moresby on special train, after banquet, arriving in New York City Wednesday. Banquet tendered by Japanese to representatives of Japanese army and navy in New York Wednesday at 8 p. m. Visit to United States Military Academy, at West Point, and return Thursday. Banquet tendered by citizens of New York on Friday at 8 p. m.

ENTERTAINED BY MR. ROOT.

Argentine Officers Are Guests of Honor at Dinner.

The Secretary of State contributed to the entertainment of the foreign officers by giving a dinner last night at his residence in honor of the visiting officers of the Argentine war ship, Presidente Sarmiento.

Those present were: The Peruvian Minister, Mr. Pardo; Mr. William I. Buchanan, Mr. Truman H. Newberry, Admiral Iuini, the Brazilian Ambassador, Mr. Salazar; the Bolivian Minister, Mr. Caldeira; the Argentine Minister, Mr. Portela; Mr. John Barrett, the Mexican Minister, Mr. Pina; the Cuban Minister, Mr. Quesada; the Chilean charge d'affaires, Mr. Yaguchi; Commander Don Virgilio Monzo Vera, naval attaché, Argentine legation; Admiral Davis; Secretary Root; officers of Argentine ship, Presidente Sarmiento—Commander Jose Morda, Lieut. Commander Horacio Balle, Lieut. Carlos Branst, Lieut. Luis G. Segura, Lieut. Alfredo Constante, Ensign Regino de la Sota, Ensign Juan J. Bonomi, and Ensign Surgen, Juan G. de la Sota.

Many of these guests afterward attended the reception to Gen. Kuroki at the Willard.

PETE IS PUT TO ROUT

White House Bull Terrier Turns Desperado.

FIGHT MAY PROVE FATAL

Meets Unobtrusive Canine Who "Just Happened Along" and Is Injuringly Put to Flight—Last Bulletin Says Pete Will Probably Have to Be Chloroformed.

Gave a dog a bad name and he will grow up the way the dog is bent.—(White House adage.)

Pete, the "wall-eyed" White House bull terrier, a gentle beast, is trying to live up to a ferocious reputation. About three weeks ago some scribes in search of copy got poor Pete mixed up with another official canine, and since then he has led a regular dog's life. "Give a dog a bad name—" Pete received his unjustly, and Thursday he tried to live up to it by biting a Navy Department clerk on the leg, and yesterday he became involved in a scandalous fight with another bull terrier on the White House grounds.

Pete was first credited with chasing Ambassador Jusserand, of France, up a tree in the White House yard when the diplomat, attired in immaculate flannels, called to play tennis with the President. Then it was told of him that he chased two night watchmen into the White House fountain during a cold snap, and kept them up to their waists in frigid water all night. It was next related that he chewed off a policeman's natty uniform, and refused to permit Secretary Garfield to enter the Executive Mansion grounds, a joke at which President Roosevelt laughed heartily.

Pete Greatly Maligned.

The facts are that Pete has a disposition like an angel. But, unfortunately, he has one pink eye, and one blue eye with a white ring around the pupil, an oculistic combination which gives him the appearance of Satan himself. So that, whereas Pete looks as though he could put Kuroki and the whole Japanese army on the bum in six seconds, as a matter of fact, his delight in life is to lie on the grass in front of the White House and play with babies.

It was not Pete, the ferocious-looking and sugar-souled, but Rollo, the lamb-like looking St. Bernard, who was characterized like Jack the Ripper, who has been pulling off the stunts. Rollo it was, not Pete, who chased Ambassador Jusserand up a tree. Rollo drove two watchmen into a fountain, and kept them prisoners there through a frosty night. Rollo ate a policeman's clothes. Rollo has Secretary Garfield on the black list. Rollo was banished from Gen. Riker's farm, in disgrace. Pete remained.

Then Rollo's evil traits were gradually credited to the gentle Pete. He took to brooding over the unmerited disgrace and the newspaper notoriety attending, until he could stand it no longer.

Probably Fatal Conflict.

Encouraged by his success in chewing up the leg of the Navy Department clerk Thursday, Rollo yesterday morning launched an attack on another bull terrier, who just unobtrusively "happened along."

On this occasion, however, Pete fared badly, and there are fears that he may not recover from the severe wounds he received from the fangs of his opponent. It was said yesterday afternoon that he was so badly hurt that it might be necessary to chloroform him as an act of mercy.

At 7 o'clock yesterday morning Pete was wandering in the vicinity of the Executive offices looking for trouble. He had found it in the shape of the unobtrusive bull terrier who "just happened along." Pete and the other bull terrier were at it good and hard before any of the White House policemen arrived at the scene of combat. Pete was all in by that time. He was showing signs of a willingness to cry "enough," but his opponent would not let him get away. Finally by a supreme effort Pete broke the hold of the other terrier and turned tail ingloriously. Down Executive avenue he went, followed by his adversary. The gates of the rear grounds of the White House were locked, but Pete found an insignificant aperture in the railings and squeezed through it before the other fellow could grab him. The hole was too small for the terrier's body, but Pete did not stop to see. He managed to run to a soft spot near the White House and then fell exhausted.

New Leaders Plan Service.
Capt. and Mrs. Seaver, who have recently taken charge of the Salvation Army Industrial Home, will have charge of the services in the Army Hall, 929 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, to-morrow. Services will be held as follows: 10 a. m., holiness meeting; 3:35 p. m., Sunday school; and 8:30 p. m., salvation meeting. Lieut. Black, who has come to assist Adj. and Mrs. Quirk, will assist at all of these services.

FIRE FIXER FIZZLES

Nothing Extinguished Save Ambitions of Inventor.

AND THEY GO UP IN SMOKE

Even Barney and the Chemical Are Discomfited, and the Bonfire Blazes Merrily Until Old Potomac Arrives on the Scene—"Stung," Says Agent as He Departs Sadder and Wiser.

"Capt. Poole," said the gentlemanly agent of a new patent fire extinguisher to the superintendent of the State, War, and Navy Building yesterday, "this is the cheese. Within this little cylindrical tube reposes powder of such potent powers that were my employers cruel enough to wish to deprive the peasants in the neighborhood of Pompeii of their fine tourist trade we could quench the abysmal fires of old Vesuvius with one pinch of this flaky compound. Had I beer in a balloon over Frisco a year ago with a couple of these distinguished distinguishers along, with a wave of my hand I could have 'doused the glim' that brought such havoc upon the city with the golden gate. Were I to expatriate upon the powers of this substance—"

"You'd give me the 'Willies,'" interrupted Capt. Poole, with a touch of peevishness.

"Sure," chimed in Bartholomew Digins, captain of the watch; "your talk is the goods, but I doubt me if your goods are. Leave us give it a trial."

"Aye, aye," says the Captain.

"Let us," repeated Capt. Poole, with grammatical exactness.

"Right you are," assented the gentlemanly agent. "Bring on your best assortment of fiery flames. Build your pyre to mountainous proportions, heap upon it material the most inflammable, souse it with kerosene, gasoline, benzine, and Latin temperament. Ma with me, with my little powder can will do the rest."

"Leave us lie to the courtyard," cried Bartholomew Digins, the captain of the watch. "What, ho! varlets, bring on the dryest wood in the house. This is on me." The trusted huskies thus appealed to sought among the caverns of the cellar and carried into the courtyard vast heaps of rags, paper, and broken packing boxes. "Them boxes," said Barney, the huskiest husky, to the captain of the watch, "are the dryest in the house. They once contained government reports."

"Proceed with you pyre," admonished the agent.

"Pire," said Barney scornfully. "Can't yer say fire?"

Heap High the Pile.

In a few moments the material lay heaped into a pile some six feet in diameter and seven feet in height. A few odd gallons of gasoline were removed from the tank of a bystander automobile, the chauffeur of which lay asleep on the sparking plug, and sprinkled generously over the pyre. Capt. Poole attached a match to a window pole, struck a light, and gingerly applied it at the base of the pile. With a puff and roar, the flames shot outward and upward, slightly singeing the gentlemanly agent's eyebrows.

"Now's your chance," said Capt. Bartholomew Digins. "Leave us discover if all the hot air around here comes from yonder blaze."

With the grace of a parlor magician, the agent advanced to the combat, waving one of his tin tubes of powder like a baton. As he drew near the blaze he flung his arm around with a sweeping motion, and the white chemical poured out of the tube into the undulating atmosphere. Some of it landed on the flames, but the greater portion found lodgment in the agent's hair and on his lovely singing clothes.

Nothing daunted, he secured another tube and succeeded in throwing a goodly portion of its contents upon the roaring flames. Said flames turned from yellow to pink and green, and roared on as merrily as ever.

Leap Higher and Higher.

A third tube brought but additional disfigurement to the agent's costume, and had no appreciable effect upon the leaping tongues of flame that were soaring higher and higher as though in derision of man's puny efforts.

Again and again the fearless quencher of Vesuvian volcanic fires attacked the enemy with a new cylinder of "extinguisher," until six in all had been used, and he was whiter than snow—and the flames laughed merrily on.

"Bring out the chemical," commanded Capt. Bartholomew Digins.

Barney dashed into the building and reappeared with brass instrument that looked like the projectile of an eight-inch gun, only it had a cute little rubber tube and nozzle attached.

"Use it," Capt. Bartholomew Digins, of the watch, commanded of Barney.

Barney looked the instrument over, carried it to within a pace of the flames and setting it down, gravely stood on his head, his feet waving gently in the breeze.

"What the—why the—how the—and what in the blank is that monkey business for?" demanded the captain of the watch, in aggrieved accents; "stand up!"

He Follows Orders.

"Them's the directions," sullenly replied Barney, as he arose to his feet; "look at 'em." He pointed at the glistening brass instrument.

The captain of the watch picked up the extinguisher and read aloud in stentorian tones, "Carry to the fire and turn bottom end up."

Barney having been exonerated of the charge of stupidity, the extinguisher and several more of its brethren were put merrily to work, but the flames showed no signs of abating.

"I'm tired of this," quoth Capt. Bartholomew Digins, disgustedly. "Boys, man the forward pipe line and stush her out."

Within two minutes Barney and his associates came out, dragging the coils of the big hose behind them and Capt. Digins let in the Potomac, "Sis-z-z-z," hissed the flames as they went down for the third time a second or two later.

"Stung," remarked the gentlemanly agent, sadly, as he strolled away.

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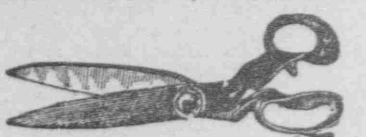
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Modern Tailor. Expert on T